MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI."

NO. 8.] SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1805. [VOL. 1.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate, in Union College, *in Schenectady, N. Y. at the Anniversary Commencement, May* 1, 1805, *by* ELIPHALET NOTT, *President of Union College.*

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

THE introduction of CHRISTIANITY was called the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. No terms could have been more appropriate—for through it man shared the mercy, and from it caught the spirit of the heavens. The moral gloom which shrouded the nations receded before it. The temples of superstition and of cruelty, consecrated by its entrance, became the asylum of the wretched, and resounded with the anthems of grace.

Most benign has been the influence of Christianity, and were it cordially received, and universally submitted to, war would cease, injustice be banished, and primeval happiness revisit the earth. Every inhabitant, pleased with his situation, resigned to his lot, and full of the hopes of heaven, would pass agreeably through life, and meet death without a sigh.

Is the morality of the gospel pre-eminently excellent? So is its object pre-eminently glorious. Philosophy confines its views to this world principally. It endeavors to satisfy man with the grovelling joys of earth, till he returns to that dust out of which he was taken. Christianity takes a nobler flight. Her course is directed towards immortality. Thither she conducts her votary, and never forsakes him, till having introduced him into the society of angels, she fixes his residence among the spirits of the just.

Philosophy can only heave a sigh, a longing sigh, after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, over which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing. Above—beneath—around—is an unfathomable void; and doubt, uncertainty or despair, are the result of all her enquiries.

Christianity, on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm and undaunted step, crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity which borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark, dreary region brightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it. Faith follows where she advances; till reaching the summit of everlasting hills, an unknown scene, endless varieties of loveliness and beauty presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders, without a cloud to dim or a limit to obstruct its sight. In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the City—the Palace—the THRONE of GOD appears! Trees of Life wave their ambrosial tops around it—Rivers of Salvation issue from beneath it. Before it, Angels touch their Harps of living melody; and Saints, in sweet response, breathe forth to the listening Heavens, their grateful songs! The breezes of Paradise waft the symphony, and the bending sky directs it to the earth. The Redeemed of the LORD catch the distant sound, and feel a sudden rapture. 'Tis the voice of departed Friendship—friendship, the loss of which they mourn upon the earth, but which they are now assured will be restored in the heavens; from whence a voice is heard to say—"Fear not ye, death cannot injure you; the grave cannot confine you; through its chill mansions GRACE will conduct you up to glory. I wait your arrival—haste therefore, come away!" All this Christianity will do for you. It will do more than this: It consecrates the sepulchre, into which your bodies, already touched by death, will presently descend. There, mouldered into dust, your flest shall rest in HOPE. Nor will the season of its humiliation last forever; Christianity, faithful to her trust, appears for its redemption. She approaches and stands before the tomb; she stretches out her sceptre, and smites the sepulchre. Its moss-grown covering rends asunder. She cries to the silent inhabitants within—her energizing voice echoes along the cold, damp vaults of death, renovating skin and bones, and dust, and putrefaction. Corruption puts on incorruption, and mortal immortality. Her former habitation, thus refined and sublimated by the resurrection, the exulting soul re-enters, and thenceforth the measure of her joy is full!

Here thought and language fail me. Inspiration itself describes the glories of futurity, by declaring them indescribable. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which are prepared for the people of GOD.—What ideas are these! How must the soul exult at the prospect, and swell at the amazing conception!

As Christianity exhibits the most enraptured motives to the practice of virtue, so it urges the most tremendous considerations to deter from vice. She declares, solemnly and irrevocably declares, "That the wages of sin are DEATH." And to enforce her declaration, points to the concluding scene of nature; when, amidst a departing heaven and a dissolving world, the SON of MAN shall descend, with the voice of the Archangel and the trump of GOD, to be glorified in his saints, and take vengeance on his enemies!

Such is the gospel—and here I rest my observations—in this affecting crisis, my beloved pupils, THIS GOSPEL I deliver you. It is the most invaluable gift; and I solemnly adjure you to preserve it inviolate forever. Whatever part of GOD'S creation you may wander, carry this with you. Consult it in prosperity; resort to it in trouble; shield yourself with it in danger, and rest your fainting head on it in death.

More efficacious than the fabled ring—it consecrates its keeper; preserves his life, and eternizes his memory. While you prize and preserve this gift, which I now intrust to you, your happiness is secure. The world may be convulsed around you, the elements dissolve, and the heavens depart, still your happiness is secure ——but should you ever in an hour of rashness be tempted to cast it from you; remember, that with it you cast away SALVATION. 'Tis the last hope of sinful, dying man. This gone—all is lost! Immortality is lost—and lost also is the soul which might otherwise have inherited and enjoyed it.—Under these impressions, go forth into the world—and may GOD go with you.

Committing you to his care, and with a heart full of paternal solicitude for your welfare, I bid you an affectionate and final FAREWELL.

A society has lately been established at Berlin for the purpose of sending out missionaries to Africa to propogate Christian knowledge amongst the negroes.—*Scotch paper.*

From a late London Magazine.

CASE *of a* PERSON *who during* TWELVE YEARS *was in a* STATE *of complete* INERTIA.

[Concluded from our last.]

"TWELVE years had passed since the commencement of this malady; and he astonished the village, when they saw him suddenly recover the use of his physical faculties. This happened on the 8th of August, 1783, when he returned with water, in the presence of his brother, of his two sisters, and the servants, as they were preparing to dress for church. It was then he was seized with shiverings, tremors in his arms and legs, and said, in a hurrying voice, "Lord God! this is amazing!—Where have I been all this time?"

"At this moment a vein in the crown of his head opened of itself, and there fell out about six drops of blood; another vein opened at the extremity of the right nostril; another at the chin; and there ran, as if from both ears, nearly as much blood.

"Nearly about this time he also recovered his speech, spoke what he wished, had his perfect understanding, called by their names all those who were in or out of the house, and whom he had known before his malady, and was astonished to find them grown so old; but he did not recognize one of those whom he had not known before his disorder, although they had appeared daily before him during its prolonged state.

"Oluf considered this accident as a mere dream, without knowing whether it had lasted a long or a short time. But what is more remarkable is, that he did not seem sensibly to have lost his memory during these 12 years, and did not recollect any thing which has passed during his malady.

"The people of the house seating themselves at table for supper, he desired to read the ordinary prayers and grace, and he performed it without much hesitation. Some days after, he desired to perform his devotions, and according to the account of Dr. Henschens, he appeared to have a perfect knowledge of the articles of his faith.

"The opening of the veins mentioned, were followed by slight scars on the crown of his head, as also on the nose, and a red spot on his chin; the wound in the middle remained open a longer time, and the scar gave the nose an obliquity it had not before.

"When the patient had recovered the use of his speech, he spoke for some time with precipitation; but at the present moment in the most orderly manner. His eyes appear somewhat disfigured; but that arises from his squinting. In all other respects he is in good health, gains corpulency, and performs his daily labor.

"Scarcely had Oluf Olufson recovered his health, than I was informed of his extraordinary malady; but its singularity induced me to take the most minute and well authenticated information ere I laid it before the royal academy. These details, therefore, are equally remarkable and true."

Such is the fact, of which we shall not probably meet with a similar case. However, the natural means by which the sudden cure was accomplished, is not so inconceivable. Hippocrates had foreseen the probability in head pains of an analogous kind, although not followed by that state of stupor or absolute *inertia*.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

THE COLLECTANEA....No. 3.

Of the many and uncommon ways of Death.

Though we each day our lives with cost repair,
Death mocks our greatest skill and utmost care:
Nor loves the lovely fair, nor fears the strong,
And he that lives the longest dies but young.
One mortal feels Fate's sudden unthought blow,
Another's lingering death approaches slow:
'Tis then our best, since then ordain'd to die,
We know not when, or how, at least not why,
To make a virtue of necessity.

BY an unalterable decree of heaven, 'it is appointed for all men once to die;' and we are daily so surrounded with accidents out of the common road to the grave, that it is rather a wonder we should live a day, than linger out three-score years. Death mocks and derides the most prudent care and foresight of the wisest mortals that endeavor to avoid it by hastening their ends by the same means they thought to prevent it. The only way not to be surprised by death, is to be always provided to die, for then it can never come too soon.

Charles II. King of Navarre, by a vicious life in his youth, fell into a paralytic distemper in his old age that took away the use of his limbs. His physicians directed him to be sewed up in a sheet that had for a considerable time been steeped in strong distill'd spirits, to recover the natural heat of his benumbed joints. The surgeon having sewed him up very close and strong, and wanting a knife to cut off the thread, made use of a candle that was at hand to burn it off; but the flame from thread reaching the sheet, the spirits wherewith the sheet was wet immediately taking fire, burnt so vehemently, that no endeavors could extinguish the flame: And so the miserable king lost his life in using the means for recovering his health.

Anacreon, an ancient lyric poet, having outlived the usual standard of life, and yet endeavoring to prolong it by drinking the juice of raisins, was choaked by a stone of a raisin that happened to fall into the liquor in straining it.

Terpander, the famous harper of Sparta, as he was singing to that instrument, opened his mouth so wide in straining his voice to the pitch of the harp, that an unhappy wag standing by, threw a fig into his mouth in pure jest and merriment, which, contrary to the intentions of him that threw it, stuck so fast in his throat, that he was strangled by it before any help could be had to draw it out.

I saw a woman, saith Bartholinus, sporting and playing with a little boy; at which time it happened that the child thrust a needle into the woman's knee, and she neglecting so inconsiderable a wound, fell into convulsion fits, and died the third day after she had received the hurt.

There was a baker, living in the street of Rome, which is called Suburra, who being suddenly taken with a violent sneezing, sneezed twenty-three times in a breath, and died the twenty-fourth.

A man dreaming that he was torn in pieces by a lion, and looking upon it as chimera resulting from the confused and disturbed actions of mind and body in a dream, when fancy predominates over reason, slighted it; and the next day seeing the figure of a lion cut in stone, supported by pillars, he told those that were walking with him what he dreamed the night before, and merrily thrust his hand into the lion's jaw, saying, "Now bite me if thou canst." He had no sooner spoke the words, but a scorpion, which had taken up its lodgings in the lion's mouth, stung him in the hand; which poisonous wound resisting all applications, proved his death.

Many have been warned of their deaths, and yet have had no power to escape it; for either their presumption of security has pushed them on to facilitate the malice of their enemies, or else their caution and circumspection has contributed to hasten it by the methods designed to prevent it.

Alexander the Great was intreated by the Chaldeans not to enter into Babylon, as a place that would be fatal to him.—— When he was in India, he was told by an oracle, he should be poisoned in Babylon. In a dream he had seen Cassander represented to him as his murderer; but he said no credit was to be given to dreams; and gave Cassander opportunity to administer that poison which was ready prepared for him in Babylon.

Julius Cæsar was prayed by his wife Calpurnia not to go that day into the senate house, because the night before she had dreamed he was killed there by many

wounds. He had often notice by Spurnia to take care of himself on the Ides of March. One thrust a note into his hand as he was entering the senate house, showing him his danger, and the names of the conspirators ; but he put it among the rest of his papers, never read it, and was barbarously murdered.

Dr. WATTS speaking of the power of eloquence observes, that "when a man of eloquence speaks or writes upon any subject, we are too ready to run into his sentiments, being sweetly and insensibly drawn by the smoothness of his harangue, and the pathetic power of his language. Rhetoric will varnish every error, so that it will appear in the dress of truth, and put such ornaments upon vice, as to make it look like virtue. It is an art of wondrous and extensive influence ; it often conceals, obscures, or overwhelms the truth, and places sometimes a gross falsehood in the most alluring light. The decency of action, the music of the voice, the harmony of the periods, the beauty of the stile, and all the engaging airs of the speaker, have often charmed the hearers into error, and persuaded them to approve whatsoever was proposed in so agreeable a manner. A large assembly stands exposed at once to the power of these prejudices, and imbibes them all. So Cicero and Demosthenes made the Romans and the Athenians believe almost whatsoever they pleased.

The best defence against both these dangers, is to learn the skill (as much as possible) of separating our thoughts and ideas from words and phrases, to judge of the things from their own natures, and in their natural or just relation to one another, abstracted from the use of language, and to maintain a steady and obstinate resolution, to hearken to nothing but truth, in whatsoever stile or dress it appears.

ERASMUS, OF QUEEN'S-COLLEGE.

Erasmus, born at Rotterdam, 1467, and thence called Roterodamus, was an accomplished scholar ; acute in detecting error, but cautious in proposing truth ; a liberal and patient enquirer, but a timid reformer. He wrote more and better than any man at the revival of letters, and was entitled to the first laurels in academic groves, though neither magnanimous nor ambitious enough for a crown of martyrdom. However, his literature effected more than some people's polemics ; his elegant irony, than their severity ; his moderation, than their imposing claims, and dogmatising assumption of infallibility. It was remarked of Erasmus, that he did more *ridendo* than Luther *stomachando*.

Erasmus, as every body knows, lived long before Arminius. He was, however, a Free-Willer, and published a book against Luther, *De Libero Arbitrio ;* and afterwards a Dissertation on it, penned with more fervor and asperity than usually characterise his writings. The following account properly belongs to our Miscellany, and is extracted from Erasmus's Life, by Dr. Jortin, who himself extracted it from another publication.

"As Erasmus was invited down to Cambridge by Fisher Bishop of Rochester, Chancellor of the University, and Head of Queen's-College, so he was accommodated by him in his own lodgings at his college, and promoted, by his means, to the Lady Margaret's Professorship in Divinity, and afterwards to the Greek Professor's chair, which places, though they were more honorable than profitable, yet were of great service to the University."

"How long Erasmus was Greek Professor I know not. It is made a question by some, whether he was ever called so or not, taking him only for a reader in that language. But I think it plain, by Richard Croke's Oration in praise of Greek learning, that he succeeded Erasmus in that chair. I shall only just observe, that we have no reason for believing that Erasmus, though commonly placed in the list of University-orators, as predecessor to Croke, ever filled that place.

"Erasmus, at the desire of Bishop Fisher, and by order of the University of Cambridge, drew up the epitaph for Margaret Countess of Richmond, which is inscribed on her tomb in Westminster Abbey, and had for so doing twenty shillings."

Again.—"Though Erasmus," says Jortin, as we have observed, "said to Servatius, that he taught gratis at Cambridge, yet it appears that he made some profit, and that he expected the payment of thirty nobles, which detained him there, though he wished to be gone. But he reckoned that so poor a reward might be reckoned a very nothing. He had explained the Grammar of Chrysoloras, and intended to read lectures on that of Gaza." —Ep. 119, 123.

Erasmus's works, which are very numerous, being on various topics of theology, scholastic divinity, classic literature, poetry, sometimes serious and meditative, at other times smart, satirical, and farcical, are all in the public library. It seems, as if his whole life had been spent in his study and at his writing-desk. There is a portrait of him at Queen's College, but it is only a copy ; and the walk, called from him Erasmus's Walk, is known to every Cantab. He was a great man, with some weaknesses ;

—Homo fuit a'q : humanus Erasmus.

In a letter to a foreign nobleman, who had admonished Sir William Jones not to neglect the pleasures of a young man, he replies in an animated style, which will present a perfect picture of his glorious ambition :

Do not imagine that I despise the usual enjoyments of youth ; no one can take more delight in *singing and dancing than I do*, nor in the *moderate use of wine*, nor in *the exquisite beauty of the ladies*, of whom *London* affords *an enchanting variety ;* but I prefer GLORY MY SUPREME DELIGHT, to all other gratifications, and I will pursue it through fire and water by day and night. What a boundless scene opens to my view ; if I had two lives, I should scarcely find time for the due execution of all the public and private projects, which I have in mind.

Where the mere *appearance* of an angry passion will attain the same end, I would not choose to give myself the trouble and inquietude of feeling a *real* one. Why should I tarnish my blood and spirits to rise into disorder, if the picture of anger in my countenance, and the sound of it imitated in my voice, will effectually discourage and reprove the vice I would forbid ? If I am but wise enough to raise the appearance of resentment, I need not be at the pains to throw myself into this uneasy ferment. Is it not better for me, as a man and a christian, to maintain a calm sedate aversion to sin, and express my dislike of it, sometimes at least, rather by a counterfeit than real anger. If hypocrasy be lawful any where, surely it may be allowed in this case to dissemble.

A wag somewhere observes, that a very old man, adventuring in wedlock, may be compared to a newly born kid ; he either dies, or bears horns, in the course of a year.—*Port Folio.*

A middle aged man lately presented himself at the matrimonial altar. The clergyman having surveyed the man for a moment, said, "pray friend, I think you have a wife already living ?" "It may be so, sir," said he, "for I have a very treacherous memory."

Learning, considered as preparatory to something successive, depends greatly on the alliance for the good or ill effects. If annexed to good principles, it will happily issue in defending truth from error : but if allied with base and abandoned principles, the ill effects will be seen hy the support of those. This we daily see verified in our intercourse with the world.

POETRY.

REFLECTION IN SOLITUDE.

Ye, who have pass'd the period of youth,
When young Romance, the child of Fancy, led
Your idle footsteps in pursuit of Love
O'er fields in May, with fresh blown roses smiling;
Or to the grassy margin of the stream,
Where the young waters, eddying round the trunks
Of fallen oaks, make melancholy music;
Ye who have sought the wanton child in shades,
And built in solitude, with Fancy's fingers,
The cottage for your fair one, while around
The breeze made sweeter, rustling through the grove;
And vernal flowrets bloom'd with brighter hues,
Tell me the hour extremest bliss was yours?
Or, if inclin'd to list a lover's tale,
My artless numbers, in seclusion flowing,
May touch a chord that winds around your hearts,
May chase Oblivion from her drowsy watch,
And wake Remembrance into life again.
Then shall ye say, if ever love was yours,
That he, the simple sea-boy, needs a storm
To make his home seem pleasant; that the rose
Borrows fresh beauties from the rains of Spring;
Then shall ye say, Love loses half his charms
If short-liv'd quarrels be unknown to Love.
Hard by a village, yet unsung by all,
Save him who first felt transport in its shades,
I found my Mary, dress'd by Nature's hand;
The rose-bud bloom'd upon her youthful cheeks,
Her blue eye sparkled, as the brilliant gem
Which, yet unseen by Av'rice, lies neglected
By Peru's streams, shining through morning dews,
Her dark hair floated on her polish'd neck,
Fair in themselves, yet hiding fairer charms—
She was the idol of the villagers!
When from the field the star-light guided them,
Each to his home, they minded not to leave
The nearest path, to call at Mary's door—
With sweet civility, that loves to dwell
In hearts untainted by a tainted world,
Each offer'd to my girl his rustic boon,
And sought to recompence but Mary's smile!
Yet they were not in love with Mary's charms,
For, when their lips had utter'd her dear name,
Those lips would never tremble, and they gaz'd
Upon her eyes, heedless who saw them gaze—
And when her smiles proclaim'd good humor's reign
Within her bosom, I have seen them press
Her willing hand, heedless who saw them press—
Ye youthful lovers! say, could this be love?
I knew that Mary lov'd them not, and yet
I could not but be jealous, if she smil'd
On aught but me, and when the flow'rs they brought
Had wither'd, I have seen her throw them by;
Still while those flowers were fresh they were not sweet
To me. I wish'd that every tongue should sing
The charms of Mary, yet their honest praise
Has tortur'd me, and made me yield one morn
So far to doubts, which Love is wont to raise,
That, heedless of the bliss I hazarded,
I call'd her false, capricious, e'en striving
To lure the simple rustics to her chains!
She smil'd to see me jealous, but it was
The smile of conscious innocence. She answer'd not
But, turning from my tears, she sought the house,
And left me firm in pride's delusive strength.
Such moments oft the ardent lover knows,
They mock the poet's pencil; else, inspir'd—
It was a summer morn, and on I roved
O'er many a field. I strove to banish far
The image of my Mary from my heart—
Rambling, I combated with Love and Pride.
And while the latter, frowning, urg'd me on,
To seek amid the world a prompt relief
For every wound the archer's shafts had caus'd,
I heard the whispers of deceitful Love
Steal on my ears, and felt his galling chains
Twine tighter round me at each step I urg'd
From Mary. I had wander'd far from home.
The forest shades accorded with my mood,
And rushing in, a prey to keenest pangs,
I threw my weary limbs upon the grass.
A thousand feelings war'd within my breast,
And restless, as I roll'd from side to side,
Now curs'd my girl;—now softly sigh'd her name.
The busy bee humm'd by me, and my eye,
Marking his flight, trac'd him from flower to flower,
And as he rested on a rose his wings,
I thought on Mary: and I sigh'd in pain,
'How near the honey is the hidden sting!'
The robin's whistle, that, at early morn,
My ears have eagerly drank in, and which,
When Mary smil'd was sweetest music to me,
Had lost its pleasant measures—lost its sweetness—
I could not bear this warfare in my soul,
But, starting upwards, press'd with hasty steps
To cast my bursting heart at Mary's feet,
And gaze again; though I should gaze on frowns!—
Where an old oak upon the meadow's bank
O'erhangs its foliage, while its unclad roots
Sip the fresh waters as they murmur by,
I saw her seated; but I saw her there
Unconscious she had stray'd so near my haunt—
What should I do, ye lovers? Where was pride?
Where the firm purpose of a lover's heart?
Could I but sue forgiveness at her feet?
Should I have turn'd my trembling steps to slight
The bliss which Love had thrown upon my path?
Ye, who have felt the rapture of such hours,
Attend the question—yet remember well
That when she smil'd, I look'd for nought but frowns.

TO A COQUETTE,

Yes, we will part. Those stifled sighs
Shall smother every spark of fire,
Which those two heaven created eyes
Seem still so willing to inspire.

Perhaps, dear girl, you'll ask what crime
Could thus so suddenly subdue
A flame so ardent, so sublime
As that which once I felt for you.

No crime, no sin. Perhaps mankind
May laugh at scruples I regret—
Sweet maid, as I am not *quite blind*,
I find thou art a true Coquette.

Then flaunt along the crowded street,
Attract all hearts too, if you can,
Charm every coxcomb that you meet,
And only lose—an *honest man.*

Thus Indian folly you surpass,
Who (as by travellers we're told)
Are charm'd with little bits of glass,
And buy them with their purest gold.

And when your fading roses fly,
Your lillies are no longer seen;
Ah! may you ne'r have cause to cry,
"How very foolish I have been."

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Yes, we will part. I see 'tis vain
To hold you in the graceful chain
Of elegance and fashion:
Before your stormy, jealous sighs
Love spreads his silken wings and flies,
Scar'd at the gust of passion.

Why should you hope that you alone
Should mount my heart's divided throne,
So obstinate and mulish?
Would you enchain a woman's will?
Then bid the raging sea be still!
I'm sure you're very foolish.

Ah! if poor women were to die
Merely for their coquetry,
Or veering like the weather;
Impartial Justice, so sublime,
Would gather them in every clime,
And hang us *all together.*

But ere I close my flippant strain,
Were *all men hang'd for being vain,*
(Now pray be not offended)
Lamenting heaven would shortly see
Both sexes huddled on the tree,
And so the WORLD BE ENDED.

LIGHT READINGS.

When Archbishop Leighton was asked, why he did not preach on the political sentiments of the times, as all the rest of his brethren did? He answered, "that if all the rest of the brethren preached on *time*, then surely one poor brother might preach on *eternity*."

The Emperor of Russia had three pair of worsted stockings sent him by capt. Brown, one of the last ships of the season from Grangemouth, in a present from a woman in the neighborhood, for having liberated her son, John Duncan, a sailor, from his captivity. She wrote a letter along with them, calling the emperor "his most dreadful Majesty," saying the stocking were knit by her own hands, requesting he will let her know if they fit him, also how many children he has, or is likely to have, as she intends to devote the rest of her days to working worsted stockings for them. The letter and parcel came to the care of Dr. Wyllie, his Majesty's Physician, who delivered them to his Imperial Majesty. The emperor laughing very heartily, said this woman's heart must be in the right place; desired that they might be sent to the Chamberlain Strogonoff, and that he might present them in form.

A humorous author compares love to the small-pox. The longer it is in making its appearance, the more violent is the disorder...*Port Folio.*

DIED,

A short time since, in England, the notorious *Scotch Moggy*, alias *Mary Grey*, alias *Wheeler*, alias *Barnsley*. This character was universally admitted by the police officers, to be the most expert pick pocket in England. There was scarcely a fair or race between Berwick-upon-Tweed and the Land's End, where she had not exercised her professional abilities. She originally came from Scotland, and married one of the notorious Wheelers, with whom she lived some years. On the arrival of another celebrated pick-pocket from Botany bay, of the name of Barnsley, she took a great fancy to him, and left her husband. With this man she practised picking of pockets for several years, both in town and country. Although in person rather delicate, it was no unusual thing to see her on Lord Mayor's Day, and other public occasions, in the greatest crowds, in conspiracy with the notorious gang of hustlers, who have for so many years infested the metropolis. She was generally dressed in a very genteel style. About seven years ago she was at Bath, committing her depredations, and at one of the churches received the sacrament; at the same time the Mayoress of Bath happening to be one of the communicants, Meggy observing her to have a very valuable gold watch, contrived to rob her of it before the conclusion of the solemn ordinance. She had several children, whom she kept at a boarding school. Notwithstanding she had been several times tried on capital charges, she was always fortunate enough to escape punishment.

NEWBURYPORT, *(Massachusetts,)*
PUBLISHED, SATURDAYS,
By WILLIAM B. ALLEN.
No. 7, *State-Street, (back of the Herald Office,)*

Price, 1 dollar 50 cents per ann.—Payable every third of a year, in advance.

Printing, all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch.